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PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1872.

MINER.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

THE MINER

Published every Saturday Morning.

PRESCOTT,
Yavapai County, Arizona Territory,
By JOHN H. MARION & Co.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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Three Months, 2.50
Single Copies, 25

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The Miner office is well supplied with Presses, Galley, and Ornamental Type, and the proprietors are determined to execute all work with dispatch and at the lowest rates.

Work may be ordered from any part of the Territory, and, when accompanied with the cash, it will be promptly executed and sent by mail, or as directed.

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"THE MINER," Prescott, Arizona.

POLITICAL.

We have been scissoring our exchanges, and now take pen in hand to reduce the too lengthy extracts so that they will not crowd too much upon other news in the MINER.

The Democrats of Lowell, (Mass.) endorse the Cincinnati nominations.

John Cochran, Ben. Wood, Erastus Brooks, Geo. Wilkes, H. M. Grinnell, Fred. A. Conkling, Horace F. Starke, U. S. Senator Tipton, of Nebraska, Col. A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania, Gen. Kilpatrick, Robert B. Rosevelt and other prominent Americans took part in the great Greeley ratification meeting at New York, on the third inst.

The President, Horace Greeley, was named to a Southern lady, in 1870.

The Granite now say that Greeley has been a disunionist. All right; so were A. Lincoln, Starr Knorr, and hundreds of other prominent Northern men.

Governor Bradley, of Nevada, has recently returned from the Atlantic States, and says the enthusiasm for Greeley is unbounded.

Ex-Governor Downey, of California, favors Greeley.

The "Free Traders" of Boston, talk of nominating Adams and Groesbeck, for President and Vice President.

Wenmouth has again secured the Radical nomination for Governor of Louisiana.

H. W. Beecher is for Grant. So, too, is J. W. Foster. Of course.

Wm. M. Gwin, an ex-U. S. Senator, favors the endorsement of Greeley. So does Ben. Brown, one of the oldest and ablest Democratic editors in the country.

The Detroit Free Press says Nye of Nevada will never be high to the Senate again. Seven or eight men are already laying wires to annoy him.

Gov. Dargatzis, D. W. Adams, and many other brave Southern men go for Greeley, hoping thereby, to receive that peace which Governor Grant promised but has not given them or the country.

Ex-Governor Hebert, of Louisiana, is out for Greeley.

Ex-Gov. McMullen, of the Marion (Ala.) Southern Patriot, supports the Cincinnati ticket, whether it is endorsed by the Democrats or not. McMullen is an old Southern Democratic campaigner, and was once in Lincoln's army.

John Davis and his ex-Secretary, Mallory, believe in Greeley's honesty, and favor his election. Per contra, A. H. Stephens, and other members of the late Confederate Government are sticklers for a straight Democratic ticket.

The Democratic State Convention of West Virginia, has passed resolutions endorsing Greeley.

General Boynton, Adjutant General of the State of Maine, looks up to the white hat.

Gen. H. Penitence is disposed to "wait for Baltimore," although he thinks well of Uncle Henry.

Ben. Monk, of "sit still, Horace" fame, is out for a "passenger."

U. S. Senator Alcorn, of Mississippi; Senator Davis, of Kentucky; Judge Salmon P. Chase, D. Defrees; Leslie Combs; U. S. Senator Lyman Trumbull; Richard D. Webb, editor of a German Daily; U. S. Senator E. Fenton and many other politicians are out for the chief of the Democracy.

John G. Whittier, the poet of New England, says of Horace Greeley:
"He is a man of whom his countrymen, irrespective of politics, may well be proud. He has built up his state's reputation. The poor attempts to ridicule him, and to undermine his eminent ability at the present time, are only so many of our Republican papers, are answered by the enthusiastic bestowal upon him of the noblest honors which are expended on his noble person, and fall to reach the man beneath it. He is the most popular man in the United States."

Deutsche Zeitung, Minneapolis Freie Presse, Milwaukee Herald, Cleveland Wochter am Erie, Davenport Democrat, Buffalo Volksfreund, Pittsburgh Volksblatt, Detroit Abend Post.

Cassius M. Clay is one of the oldest Republicans in America. He was the uncompromising foe of slavery and the bold advocate of universal liberty long before the Republican party had an existence. In a word, he assisted Greeley to mold the sentiment of the country to that shape and consistency which finally culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln, in 1860. His Republicanism should not therefore be doubted. He is a strong supporter of the Cincinnati ticket, and in a recent speech delivered at Stanford, Kentucky, said:

"Hear me, men of Kentucky. Hear me, men of the United States; it is not to punish treason that the disunion law is kept upon the statute books, but to keep the traitors in power. I know this because it was considered in 1862. Much as I dislike the constitution of your States, and although opposed to you in battle, I feel your woe and I share your humiliations just as much as the most devoted Southerner, and I resist, with all the energy of my nature, the attempt to crush out the existence of my country. I have been misunderstood, but I thank God I have been allowed to prove my sincerity. I stand with you in the next Presidential contest because I am a Southern man, and I tell you, colored fellow-citizens, it is to your interest to be with us."

Frank M. Pixley, of California, another "Old Guard" Republican, is for Greeley, and says, among many other good things, that the Greeley movement means "Peace to the Southern States and not Peace to the Apaches."

Virginia is for Greeley.

Roger A. Pryor is for the same honor.

The Michigan Democratic State Convention has pronounced for Greeley.

Congressman Brooks, of New York, goes for Horace. So, too, Congressman Beck, of Kentucky.

The St. Louis Times thinks the present occupant of the White House will be under the necessity of having his name changed next March—from "U. S." to "Em. I." Grant.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says:

Mr. Mosby (the guerilla) may wrap the American flag around him. Colonel Duneau may march down the footlights. General Grant may fire off a thousand homages. They may all resolve to die in the hot ditch of absolute hate and exploded lies. The people of the South will stick to Horace Greeley. They will stand by him. They will not be taken away from him. They hold him in a deliverer. They see in his kindly old face a sign of promise. He is to a great big, old, fat angel of peace; and he will not cut out our throats like those men, or how much they laugh at him, or what he has been and gone and said and done in times past, he is right now, and that is enough for us.

George Alfred Townsend, gives vent to his feelings in the Washington Capital, this way:

With his old white coat and staff!
The politician laugh in fear,
To joy the people laugh;
And lo! the "Daily's" face,
And over the Negro's mouth,
And first since all these bloody years,
The kindly too, the kind old soul,
With laughter like the summer,
"Let us have peace!" indeed,
And not the noisy soldier peace,
Whose war's a broken sword,
But with this grand old neighbor's rule,
And times of golden law,
Old hatreds shall be turned to loves
And laughter to buzz,
The camp fires burn for Greeley,
But not on fields of arms;
They burn on fields of peace,
Where good old comrades run their palms,
And say: "It is the only way to set
Since ruled so long by men who kill,
To vote for one we know!"

Put by the lamp, friend Horace?
This kindly, long quiet,
When we have made this President
Then shall thou have thy will,
For thirty years of earnest work
Deserve a ruler's wish.
That "when he sees the country safe
And like to go and fish,"
To vote for one we know!"

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nated Perham for Governor. Their Convention promised to carry the State, largely, for Grant and Wilson.

Gov. Seymour, of New York, in a letter to Congressman S. S. Cox, said this about the Cincinnati Convention:

Mr. Greeley's election will be a preservative step toward local neighborhood government, and will stop the eddies of overbearing Federalism. We can have Democratic principles in some measure by according to the great revolution in his favor which is sweeping over the country. In this State it is irresistible. I have not been on personal terms with Mr. Greeley for some time, but there is wisdom and beauty in the popular movement to support him. I recognize in the sympathy between himself and the voting masses in element stronger than talent and fitness. He has the talent and fitness to suit the temper of the times.

LETTER FROM LOS ANGELES.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., June 17, 1872.

To the Editor of the Arizona Miner:

Notes of Wilmington.

Since the date of my last letter I have been on a trip to the country, and O, the change! The extensive plain that stretches between Los Angeles and Wilmington—which in years not long past was an unoccupied waste quite similar to those you see at present everywhere in Arizona—is no longer the undisputed homes of birds and animals in a state of nature. A neat little cottage occupying the center of a patch of cultivated ground is everywhere seen by roadside; and the horrid din of the voices of myriads of geese, intermingled with the bleating of numerous flocks of sheep has given place to the more particularly domestic sounds which surround the homes of the thrifty ranchero.

Leaving these scenes after a ride of nearly an hour we reach the harbor of Wilmington. As a hard-looking public town of Wilmington has no equal in Arizona. On one side lies a succession of low, barren and dismal-looking hills not unlike those which in many places skirt the valley of the Gila; the pleasant scenes through which we passed on the way are no longer visible, while the immense "mud flats" which extend way out to sea, although at other seasons they teem with life, seem now almost deserted. A solitary bird of the genus of the crane may be seen at intervals prospecting for snails by the side of a pestilential pond or cesspool, or winging its way out to Dead Man's Island, to commit suicide and leave, forever, those scenes at once so cheerless and so forbidding.

The town of Wilmington was built by Uncle Sam, at various times during the past ten years, at the solicitation of his military representatives, and will stand for years to come—if an avenging fire should not happen to interfere to record the recklessness, extravagance and wild folly of its projectors.

Handcuffs upon hundreds of thousands (of dollars) have been needlessly expended—yes, recklessly squandered—in covering the whole surface of this worthless spot of earth with costly buildings, every foot of lumber used in the construction of which was transported from the woods of Oregon and the mountains of Northern California. Gad! the contemplation of this government town (now to be sold at public auction and likely to bring the one-thousandth part of its original cost) might suggest the premature death of the homely profession of road-agency or other robbery on a small scale.

And, although Wilmington presents a scene or more of wretched features, it has, also, its good sides, or at least good side. There is an extensive and constant trade always going on between San Francisco, on the one side, and Los Angeles and the whole region to the west and north-west (including Central and Northern Arizona) on the other. All this trade passes through Wilmington, so that while all around is silent and inactive the wharf is a scene of constant bustle and business. My stay, at this my first visit since my arrival, was only of about two hours' duration, so that I was unable to visit the breakwater, but I will make it a point to see this at some future time and tell you what I think of it.

The Democratic Convention.

The Delegates to the Democratic State Convention left here on Tuesday last. The Convention will be held on the 12th. Governor Downey will go to the National Convention at Baltimore. The Governor is partial toward Greeley, and just here let me say, in the language of Josh Billings, "I'm glad to see it."

Room for Improvement.

You may be inclined to think that we people, living here within the pale of civilization, are models of progress, propriety, etc. Well, we are; yet may we improve. For instance, within our city limits we grow our fruits and vegetables; this is progressive. But we likewise grow, within our city limits, all our frogs and tadpoles; this is non-progressive. Near the suburbs one can look from the sidewalk into the gutters and see the hinder legs of a frog just as the reptile is in the act of taking refuge beneath the turbid pool; they always die head first, evidently regardless of the danger of dashing out their brains against the rocks which must, of course, lie at the bottom—The effluvia which those pools send forth to the atmosphere is not the most agreeable known to the olfactory; yet those stupid frogs don't seem to mind it. The newspapers have repeatedly called attention to the nuisances, but the city authorities seem to think that the editors who do not like those gutters had better go to work and remove them.

"Citizens' Meeting"

They have a peculiar way of convening a mass meeting in Los Angeles. Half a dozen citizens, less or more, meet at a corner and conclude to hold a citizen meeting to consider some important public measure. They look up and then down street to see that no one happens to be coming, and then walk away, one by one, and "drop" into the Court House. This done, Mr. Importance takes his position in the chair, at the solicitation of his dear friends. The younger Mr. Compliments is unanimously elected secretary, and the work begins. The whole meeting is then quartered up and carved into committees, and the Secretary reads the names of the committees "Chosen at a Mass meeting of the Citizens." This kind of thing is very convenient and saves the unsavory masses a deal of trouble.

San Francisco Call.

We take pleasure in stating that the San Francisco Call has commenced the publication of its 32d volume, and that as a cheap daily newspaper, it is not surpassed in enterprise by any journal of its class known to us.

FROM MARICOPA COUNTY.

PHOENIX, Maricopa County, A. T., June 21st, 1872.

To the Editor of the Arizona Miner:

Capt. Hancock, J. A. Chonoweth, Mr. Caviness, I. L. Dickinson, and E. Irvine made an excursion to the lower part of the valley, along the surveyed route of the Salt River Irrigating Canal. This country is very level, not having an eminence a foot high, for miles around, except old adobe ruins or ditch borders, remains of the works of a people who have passed away—their history shrouded in oblivion, their noble braves, fair women, and noble deeds forgotten. The farthest point reached by the party was about ten miles from the present terminus of the ditch, and must have been at least twenty miles from the nearest foot-hills. Salt River Valley lay to the east, the Gila Valley, above the junction of Salt River, lay to the south-east, the Agua Fria Valley lay to the north-east, and the apparent uniting of these three valleys in one, lay to the west, following the course of the Gila to the Gulf. The soil is rich; yet, for the lack of water, the country, at present, looks very much like a desert, but no worse than the land around the lower part of Mesquite did last December, that is now loaded down with grain, some of which will pay, at least, \$40 per acre, this year, above all expenses. This immense tract of country will support a large population when properly irrigated; but, while Salt River will supply a great deal of water, artesian wells will be needed.

This Salt River Ditch is a grand affair and the Company are greatly benefitting the public while making a private fortune. The ditch has a width of twenty-five feet on the bottom, with very slanting sides, and a sufficient depth to carry, at least, 10,000 inches of water, which will be divided into 200 water-rights, one water-right being considered sufficient to irrigate one quarter section. The company, last year, at an expense of \$22,000, made the ditch three miles from its head. They have now six teams at work, intend to put on twenty miles farther in a few months, which will give it a length of thirteen miles in all. The first six miles constitute the ditch proper, one right in which is valued at \$500. The other seven miles constitute an Extension; parties wishing to use it will have to purchase a right in it also. Then each person will have to convey his water to his own ranch in a private ditch, or, perhaps, two or three will unite and carry their water together. As this part of the valley inclines slightly to the southwest, the water can be made available on one side only. The land on the northeast side of the ditch will have to be irrigated by ditches taken out farther up.

Here in Phoenix we have but seventeen places where the needed stimulant can be procured—one at East Phoenix, one at the Half-way house, and fifteen in Phoenix proper. Of these seventeen, eight deal exclusively in liquors and nine sell the creature in conjunction with other merchandise. Besides these, C. T. Hayden has a large store at Tempe, and, of course, keeps the needful. Then, we suppose, there are a half-dozen small houses in the valley, and we expect ten to a dozen more traders in between this and Tempe. For amusement we have four dance houses, two monte banks and one faro table; we expect three billiard tables in a month or two and an additional faro table in a few days.

On Sunday before last, J. H. Stout, Indian Agent, in his address to the Sabbath-school children, said that "The destinies of Arizona rested with the children, but that more depended on the girls than on the boys." Last Sunday there was an increased attendance of girls, while but one boy was present.

The last Citizen, honestly and for sufficient cause, advises the abandonment of Hughes' ranch, on account of Indians. And so the boasted Apache threat, that they would clear out the Americans, is likely to come true, and Colyer and his coadjutors see the fruit of their labors.

The MINER is well liked here because it has all the news of the Territory and describes things just as they are, without fear or favor.

Our people are so busy with their work that they have no time to talk politics. When the election takes place they propose to vote for Delegate and county officials on merit, not on party principle.

Laborers are so scarce that, with all the headers and threshers in operation and the pressing into the service of every available man, much grain will waste in the fields.

Last week the mail to Maricopa Wells was a day behind time and did not leave till Thursday. This week, in order to get even, it left on Tuesday, one day ahead.

On Monday, the back-burrow from Prescott did not get in till dark, seven hours behind time.

Geo. E. Freeman, from Tempe, was in town the other day with his celebrated trotter, Poschboy.

On Wednesday last, Michael Conell, in the store of H. Mannasse, fired a pistol at Daniel Twomey, with intent to kill. Thomas McGelrick knocked up his arm in time to prevent him from carrying out his diabolical intention. Michael is to have his preliminary examination this afternoon.

The first three days of this week were quite cool. On Monday the thermometer stood below 80°.

S. Granio, just from Sonora, has opened a small store in the Mexican carriage shop. He has also started a butcher shop, and intends to run opposition to Hargraves & Holcom.

A small load of lumber arrived from Prescott during the week.

Col. Thos. Scott will be in San Diego on the 15th proximo, to commence the railroad survey. The Sandiegans have shown pluck and perseverance and are sure to win that success which they so richly deserve, and San Diego will yet be the great outlet of the Pacific Coast.

A Huge City.

St. Louis, Missouri has 14 miles of wharf; from river to western boundary, 8½ miles. Area of city, 5272 square miles, or 33,740.80 acres; 15 public parks, covering 1892.08 acres or nearly three miles square, and it is refreshing to know that the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad will bring St. Louis within about three days of Prescott.

Charitable Action of Brave Men.

While loud-mouthed politicians were tongue-lashing, on last Decoration Day, brave soldiers of both great American armies residing at Pioche, Nevada, got together and decorated the graves of Federal and Confederate soldiers alike.

Labor Organ.

The Enterprise and Co-Operator, the labor organ of San Francisco, has come for an exchange. It looks respectable and shall have one.

Railroads have three gauges—a broad gauge, a narrow gauge and a mortgage.

New Road Opened.

Mr. N. Noble got back this week from work on the new road to Wallapai District, having placed the road in good condition. From him we get the names of the different stations—and distances between—to where the new road intersects the old one, at Government Holes.

From San Bernardino to Noble's.....17 miles
To White Water.....23 "
" Mouth of Morongo Canon.....24 "
" Water in Morongo Canon.....25 "
" Summit of Morongo Pass.....26 "
" Surprise Springs.....27 "
" Mesquite Springs.....28 "
" Arrow Springs.....29 "
" Black Mountain Water.....30 "
" Caves Springs.....31 "
" Government Holes, intersecting the old road.....32 "

Total.....164½

Mr. Noble informs us that there is not along the whole route, five miles of drift sand, and not more than three-fourths of a mile on any one stretch. The road, like all new roads when first completed, is a little heavy, but travel will soon pack it down firm and hard.

Mr. Noble is endeavoring to get a load of freight for the Wallapai District to take over this road in order to show the practicability of heavily loaded teams going through without the least trouble whatever. The distance from San Bernardino via the new road to Hardyville, is just 200 miles, and shortens the distance to Government Holes—where the new road intersects the old—twenty-two miles. The road has been declared a public highway by the Board of Supervisors, and, of course, will have to be kept in good condition by the county. There can be no question but the opening of the new road to Wallapai District will conduce greatly to the benefit of all—place, as a much larger portion, if not all, of the travel to that district, will seek the best and most direct route to the mines.

Mr. Noble says there is good grazing and an abundance of water along the entire route. The only stretch of any distance at all where there is no water, is between Surprise and Mesquite Springs, a distance of 45 miles; but this will prove no trouble as the water is excellent and plenty at Surprise Springs, and as the road is fine, and the distance made in good time, there can be no inconvenience or suffering, by man or beast, for water.—San Bernardino Guardian.

Newspaper Appreciation.

Every newspaper man knows how to appreciate the following paragraph from a brother professional:

"If any editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people are mad. If he glosses over—smooths down the rough points—he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mule. If he does, he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he fails to uphold a public man, he does it through spite—is the tool of cliques, or belongs to a 'ring.' If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid."

Once more, if he does not collect what is rightfully due him, his printers, paper furnishers, type foundries, correspondents, &c., &c., curse him for a swindler, close up his shop, and force him to become a preacher, trader, or devilish carpet-bagger in some far off land, the oppressed citizens of which will hate him like 'pizen.'"

A Holiday Victory.

Although politics is not the leading business of the MINER, its editor cannot hide what little political light there is in him in these drumming times of partisanship. Oregon, Democratic Oregon, has gone Republican by a pretty round majority, and to Ben. Hilday, we think, is the Administration indebted for this victory, with, perhaps, a little credit to itself for having recently appointed a leading citizen of Oregon Attorney-General and sent him back to stamp the State, backed no doubt, by plenty of "sign," such as Gen. Spinner has been in the habit of scattering broadcast. Ah, it was very shrewd management that carried Oregon for Grant, but it is a victory over which the people of Oregon will yet be called upon to repent, when the Holiday Railroad Ring shall have spiked them down with hard freight and passenger terms such as another Railroad Ring is accused of practicing in California.

Railroads are good things to have; but when their owners use them as machines to control elections, this part of their business weakens the even grading upon which the machinery of a Republican Government ought at all times to be run.

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Business & Professional Cards.

J. B. McCONNELL. A. J. KING.

McConnell & King,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Downey's Block,
Main Street, Los Angeles, California.

Will practice in all the Courts of Arizona, and in the Supreme Court of the United States.

JOHN A. RUSH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Prescott, A.